

visitors he particularly expected, and whose patronage and support, as being his countrymen, had been both promised and looked for, were not amongst the throng. Big squire Brittle, his diminutive lady, and their friend Major Kissem, squire Scroop and lady, Mr. Reaper, his lady, and all the little Reapers, Mr. Jemmy Tight and lady, with their respective protegées, and several other ladies and gentlemen who were expected were all absent, and it is suspected prefer to have their bit of frolic at the *celebrated Fort*, where they can enjoy themselves with more privacy, and rurality and less comfort. By nine o'clock the company were all assembled to the number of seventy or eighty, amongst whom there was a very disproportionate number of ladies, so that the fair sex were in great demand. It was rather a grotesque melange, but each appeared to enjoy the happy intermixture with great delight. The beautiful and accomplished Miss N. Shaw, from Greenhill, is worthy of particular mention. She is on a visit to her uncle squire Joshua, and her aunt Fester. This pair of non-descripts have a happy knack at coupling off their kin; the young lady appears to be pitted against the Champion of England, and if she comes off conqueror, her eyes will heal all wounds. Mr. Falcon seemed to have joined the company by mistake, and for want of his usual companions to be out of his aerial element. At a little past eleven it was announced to the company that the festive board was ready for their reception, when they marched off to the tune of the knife and fork in fine order, and did ample justice to the good things provided. After supper dancing was resumed, and about half past two the party retired to their respective homes.

N. B. Much praise is due to the Adjutant.